

The Critic

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Literature

"The American Railway"*

CONTAINING A VERY considerable mass of information, presented in a readable and even enjoyable manner, illustrated with cuts many of which have no slight artistic merit, and substantially bound, 'The American Railway' is a work worthy in some sort of the great interests with which it deals, and creditable to American enterprise in that other (not wholly unrelated) industry, the manufacture of books. Intelligence and the means of gadding about have always been to one another as effect to cause; and railroads have so taken the place of waterways and the ordinary roads, that one may now be sure that the country which shows most red lines on Mr. Hewes's map of 'Railways in 1889,' is that also which consumes most printed matter. It is curious, though, to see, in the series of maps from 1830 down, how the rails have struck out for and followed the great natural lines of intercommunication, and how, even now, they run themselves about the lakes and along the great rivers. It is interesting, too, as Mr. T. C. Clarke reminds us, that already the ancient Romans so much appreciated the ease and celerity of movement in a rut, that they, too, had their railways of cut stone.

Mr. Clarke writes the chapter on 'The Building of a Railway,' and points out the radical difference between American and European plans and methods of construction following upon the American inventions of the swivelling truck and the equalizing levers, which enable our engines to run round sharp curves and climb 4 to 7 per cent. grades on roughly laid rails. He also does full justice to all the various appliances for rock-drilling, excavating and building embankments, bridges and snowsheds, and pictures the Bergen tunnel, the Kinzua viaduct and a boarding-house train. John Bogart recounts some remarkable feats of railway engineering, of bridging cañons and surveying on rope-ladders, with pictures from Canada, Peru and the St. Gothard Tunnel, and the Brooklyn Bridge. M. N. Forney details the progress made in car- and locomotive-building since 1830, when the late Peter Cooper ran a locomotive fitted with a boiler, a barrel of water and a hod of coal, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The art and mystery of 'Railway Management' is expounded by E. P. Alexander, who explains how a continuous life is given to a corporation, and tells us incidentally 'What is a Way-bill.' He shows how the purchasing-agent earns his salary, and how the 'legal department' may be kept profitably employed even when there is no need to 'fix a Legislature.' The wandering propensities of the American freight-car, which, though it is not often stolen, is given to straying about and getting lost, are hinted at. It is claimed that a railroad freight-agent is nearly as powerless to regulate rates as a professor of grammar is to regulate the irregularities of English verbs. Competition does it. Thus competition, and not the freight-agent or his superior, was to blame in the case of the whiskey merchant who was given a receipt for 75 barrels of his beverage when he shipped but

* The American Railway. \$6. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

73—so that he might be paid the cost of the two missing barrels instead of a rebate—the Interstate Law notwithstanding. The strategy and tactics of special-rate warfare are touched upon. It is shown how a ticket-seller may make a good thing out of competing connecting lines, and how a merchant in a small way may do his shipping free through the baggage-service. 'Safety in Railroad Travel' is written of by H. G. Prout, who also has much to say about modern conveniences at stations and on cars. The freight-car service and the storage-warehouses connected with it are the subject of an essay by Theodore Voorhees; and the feeding of a railroad with all its thousand and one supplies is treated of by Benjamin Norton. Ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James tells of the Railway Mail Service, and makes a plea for radical civil-service reform. The political economy of railways is the theme of Prof. Arthur T. Hadley. Prest. Charles Francis Adams puts forward his theory that the railway employee does not hold the same relation to his employer that other employees do to their employers; and 'The Everyday Life of Railroad Men'—a most congenial subject, we should judge—falls to the lot of B. B. Adams, Jr., associate editor of *The Railroad Gazette*. Mr. Adams's essay contains the cream of the book, from a literary and artistic point of view. It is his to describe the pleasures of braking and flagging in hard weather; the enjoyment of nature from the roof of a freight-car—a much better post of observation than even Walt Whitman's favorite seat beside the driver of a Broadway stage; the idyllic loitering by the spring at the watering-station; the excitement of breakdowns and collisions; the wit and wisdom and profanity of the way-station; and A. B. Frost, the artist, aids with Rembrandesque effects—'In the Yard by Night' and 'A Track-walker on a Stormy Night.' Other pictures, by Messrs. Burns, Shirlaw, Twachtman, Broughton, and Denman, show that these artists are alive to the pictorial possibilities of the railway. There is an Introduction by Chairman Thomas M. Cooley of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a chapter of statistics by Fletcher W. Hewes, and a useful index.

"The Lily among Thorns"*

IT MAY BE reasonably hoped that Dr. Griffis's book, if entered in library catalogues under its first title, will have a better fortune than has attended an English work entitled 'The Best Match.' This attractively named volume, we are told, has been frequently taken home by readers of love-stories, only to be promptly returned when it was discovered to be a work of pious exhortation. 'The Lily among Thorns' is not likely to strike such a chill of disappointment in romantic bosoms; for though it is certainly a religious work, creditable alike to the learning and to the piety of its author, it deals with one of the most famous and charming stories of true love. The story, also, though centuries and even millenniums old, will be new in its present form to most readers, and to many of them a surprising revelation. Few of the achievements of modern scholarship have been more striking than the entirely novel character and coloring which it has given to the book of the Bible known as 'Solomon's Song.' Readers who have been accustomed to regard this book as an allegory or an epithalamium, the composition of the great monarch whose name it bears, will learn with astonishment that, in the opinion of many of the best Hebraists—German, English, and American—it is a work of a very different nature. Though undoubtedly a 'song'—that is, a metrical drama—of (or about) Solomon, it was not the production of that royal author. It was composed probably after his death, in what had been the northern portion of his dominions, and was intended not to exalt his glory, but rather to abase it, by contrasting the meretricious splendors of his voluptuous court with the humble cottage-life and pure affection of a village maiden and her betrothed. This lovely

* The Lily among Thorns: A Study of the Biblical Drama entitled The Song of Songs. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Shulamite maiden,' when taken into the harem, among its choir of virgin singers, and solicited by the King to become one of his many wives, steadily rejects his advances, and avows her constant affection for her shepherd lover, who pastures his flock 'among the lilies of the plain' of Sharon. In one of her interviews with the King, when he presses his suit, she modestly compares herself to a wild-flower of this plain, or a lily of the valley. 'As a lily among thorns,' returns the magnificent King, with gracious courtesy, 'so is my love among the daughters.' It is thought by some that a reminiscence of this passage appeared, centuries later, in the impressive precept and comparison which contrasted the artificial glory of the great King himself with the natural beauty arraying the untended lilies of the plain. As the King's religion, which, though neglected, was never abandoned, forbade all constraint of affection, the faithful Shulamite maiden was finally restored, in safety and honor, to her northern home; and the last act of the drama gives us the welcoming chorus of the villagers and the ardent outbursts of the reunited lovers.

It should be understood that the Received Version of the book, with its many mistranslations, and its faulty divisions of chapters and verses, gives hardly a glimpse of the real drama; and even the Revised Version, though very much better, is defective in several points. Dr. Griffis's explanations clear up many absurdities, though there are some, due to obsolete expressions or Oriental fantasy, which are not likely ever to be made entirely plain. The author does not attempt to enter minutely into the philological discussions to which the book has given rise, though he is evidently familiar with them; but he paints for us a vivid picture of the times and region to which the drama belongs, and adds some happy illustrative touches from his studies of monarchies in the far East—Japan and China,—which in our own day retain many of the characteristics of the age and manners of the Solomonian kingdom.

A New York Merchant's Diary*

WE HAVE in this pair of portly volumes a broad outlook upon the social life of the metropolis of America during the second quarter of our century. The author—perhaps unconsciously, as well as posthumously, an author—was one of the characters that were once more common in New York than now, though sorely needed. At forty years of age, Mr. Hone, after a successful commercial career, had acquired what was then considered a competence, and retired from business. Strange as is the story, and eccentric as it may seem to the rich men of the New York of to-day, Mr. Hone did then actually, deliberately and perseveringly devote himself to the public good. In the flood-tide of his powers and prosperity, he took the now apparently incredible course of applying his energies to self-cultivation and the improvement of society. A voyage to Europe only stimulated and enlarged his purpose. Living in a large mansion overlooking the City Hall Park, he became a hospitable host at whose board gathered as guests the distinguished men of America and Europe. He was the host of statesmen, travellers, authors, artists, actors, and eminent men in every department of service and achievement. He served the public as Alderman and Mayor. He was a leader in social enterprises, and a follower of men who loved their kind. He was connected officially or individually with most institutions representing mercantile and financial progress. He saw New York grow from a town of twenty thousand people to a magnificent city of half a million, as the residences crept up from the Park to Twentieth Street. By descent and social connection one of the Knickerbockers, he took great pride in the city whose imperial, catholic, commercial, and cosmopolitan social character had been stamped upon it by the men of Holland's heroic age. His splendid health was broken by a laborious journey to the West in 1847, and in 1851 he

died at the age of seventy-one. His habit of keeping a diary became a confirmed one—a ruling passion strong even in the jaws of death. His style and method improved as he progressed, and the imposing result was seen in twenty-eight quarto volumes. The pages of these books of manuscript were covered in a way to horrify an editor—that is, on both sides; and the proof seems clear that Mr. Hone was not a public book-maker, nor had any malice prepense against Mr. Bayard Tuckerman, the accomplished man-of-letters who has made the selections which are now in print. Only about one quarter of the mass has been published, after careful editing. Indeed, one feels as grateful to the editor as to the writer of the book.

Without a table of contents, but with a very good index at the close of Vol. II., the Diary begins in the year 1828, on May 18, and closes on April 30, 1851. It is needless to point out all the detail of this brilliant panorama of metropolitan life. One is irresistibly reminded of an opera-box, from which one looks out to see the brilliant people of the metropolis at their best. Mr. Hone was frank in his comments, a Federalist in politics, with strong notions of social orthodoxy, and opinions that were not waxen. One is constantly amused as well as interested in the old fellow's discussion of things. Whether a debate with himself about finger-bowls, the comparative merits of after-dinner tea or coffee, the doings of Andrew Jackson, the personal appearance of Daniel Webster, or the effect of the last new book on public opinion, he is always interesting. He is rarely profound, and indeed the public men who come and go are seen only in outward guise. Nevertheless, the amount of information, of chat and dinner-table gossip, of insight furnished into the social life of a half-century or less ago, is remarkable. In one sense it is a history of New York City. In such a book, the politician, editor, author, actor, merchant, and lady of fashion will be interested, while for the public libraries of the State and regions adjoining, the book is invaluable. As for the 'moral' of such a life, though Mr. Tuckerman may be innocent of pointing it, or of being Koheleth to the millionaires of Gotham, it is plain and forcible. Public-spirited men are sufficiently rare in the most cosmopolitan city on this continent, to make this book something of a tract which may have a very healthful moral influence.

Curtis's History of the United States

THE EMINENT jurist who, between 1854 and 1858, published in two volumes his 'History of the Origin, Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States,' was then in early middle life, and his work had few fellows and no peers. Now, after an entire generation has passed away and another appeared, he sends forth his work entirely rewritten—a book virtually new as well as vastly improved. The first volume, now at hand, brings the story, with comments, to the time and situation when all the thirteen States had ratified the instrument formed at Philadelphia in 1789. Mr. Curtis wisely discriminates between Constitutional history, in which he includes the events and public actions which have shaped the text of a written constitution, and constitutional law, in which he includes that body of jurisprudence which is made up both by the text and by the constructions it has received from those whose public duty it has been to interpret its meaning and application. He very properly keeps distinct what occurred before the Civil War and what happened after it. In the first volume, therefore, we are, in a sense, among those who belonged to the generation which framed and established the Constitution. Varied as are the events, policies, legislation and judicial decisions 'before the War,' we have, in all the documents and utterance of that long period, what we may call a synoptical history. Since 1861, our broader utterances and outlook

* The Diary of Phillip Hone: 1828-51. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bayard Tuckerman. 2 vols. \$7.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

* Constitutional History of the United States, from their Declaration of Independence to the close of their Civil War. By George Ticknor Curtis. Vol. I. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros.

betoken a different view and construction of the noble writing of our fathers.

In his treatment of the subject in detail, the author is grave, logical, judicial and clear, and his style is well suited to the subject in hand. The cast of his mind is conservative, and while in comparison with some other works on the constitutional history of the United States he is less interesting as a literary guide, yet we imagine his work will continue to be the standard, as it was even in its first presentation. He is less philosophical than Von Holst, and of the bold speculator, there is no trace in the book; but, as a patient, conscientious and laborious sifter of facts, he probably has no equal. He has a tenacity of conviction that is impressive, and does not seem to desire in any way to soften an opinion that may not be popular. It is not probable that the historical accuracy of his work, at least in his first volume, will be impugned. Interesting as this instalment is, the second portion of the work will doubtless excite more interest, be more generally consulted, and possibly awaken criticism and challenge. The work is a handsome octavo, printed in the Harpers' best style. It has several important appendices, and a good index.

Alaska Again*

THE ALASKA of 1889 is likely to be the California *rediviva* of 1848, the El Dorado of travellers no less than of speculators. Books on this subject are accumulating at a rate which will soon require special alcoves in our libraries and *catalogues raisonnés* in our hands. It is a beautiful land indeed: a mighty hunting-ground; a wonder-corner of the globe full of genii and jewels as yet unknown to the ordinary tourist; an unopened and unexplored continent archipelago where islands as big as Massachusetts lie thick as 'orient pearls' whose random stringing is yet singularly well-ordered, whose coast is peppered with mountains bigger than Mt. Blanc and volcanoes that recall Etna, and glaciers vast as frozen Amazons tumbling sheer out of the sky. In this land of 500,000 square miles there are hardly any people; fish—salmon, cod, herring and halibut—rove the waters and water-channels in countless myriads and masses that curve the sea upward; gold sparkles in fabulous richness among the rock-ledges; game of every description peoples the air and the gigantic spruce-forests; and the Japanese Gulf-Stream pervades the neighborhood with its salubrious warmth and quickens into life grasses and vegetables and growths rank beyond calculation. And hence are drawn the velvety sealskins and furry robes fit to clothe a queen, from the dim regions of Bering Sea and the Islands of St. Paul and St. George. This is Seward's land, the purchase of the great Secretary who saw its infinite possibilities and knew it to be the rich lining of our northwestern coast. Thither tourists are beginning to flock, and thither Mr. Ballou went on his new summer journey, finding in Alaska more even than has ever been claimed for it—a Golconda of riches, the 'protoplasm' of a great series of new States as yet territorially shapeless, lawless, neglected, barbaric, unprovided for by Congress, yet inhabited by an intelligent quadrum-skinned population (of Mongolian features) longing to be educated. His accounts of his visit are extremely interesting and abound with facts and figures that hasty Congressmen ought to stop long enough to read.

"Witch, Warlock and Magician"†

AN INQUIRY made a short time ago at the largest free public library in the United States as to the quantity of reading done in the occult 'sciences,' drew out an answer which surprised the querist. The librarian stated that the very considerable number of works on magic, fortune-telling, astrology, necromancy and kindred subjects in the library

* The New El Dorado: A Summer Trip to Alaska. By M. M. Ballou. \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Witch, Warlock and Magician: Historical Sketches of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. By W. H. Davenport Adams. \$3. New York: J. W. Bouton.

never lacked readers. Constant inquiries were made for books which professed to reveal the future and the mysterious, and many people seemed to be as anxious as were their ancestors to find oracles in printer's ink and within binder's pasteboard. The reported discovery at Salem, Mass., in an old vault, of the original papers and manuscripts of the famous witchcraft trials in that town, lends also additional and timely interest to the theme this time illustrated by the prolific author, W. H. Davenport Adams. In a handsome octavo the author does not enter upon an exhaustive history of human error, but confines himself strictly to British magicians, wizards and witches. The alleged phenomena, also, are all located in the island of Great Britain. Roger Bacon, Dr. John Dee, William Lilly and the English Rosicrucians are treated of in Book I. Then follows the story of witchcraft in England in the early times and in the seventeenth century. The narrative of the decline of belief in the existence of familiar spirits is even more interesting than that of the rise of the superstition. The story of the Scottish witches is diversified according to the environment of the diseased fancies from which the popular belief of that land sprang. Mr. Adams preserves in an interesting manner the local color and peculiarities of each case, and many of the incidents related throw a curious light upon the manners and social life of the time. He makes little or no attempt to show that most of the black arts of the English magicians were borrowed from the Arabs, Hindus and Chinese, probably taking this for granted. The final chapter is devoted to the literature of witchcraft. The work, though without an index, is a good companion to Lecky.

Verses Gay and Grave*

NO ONE with fine sensibilities would 'break a butterfly' or trample a rose; and no one with a fondness for the piquant, the graceful, the delicate in poetry will have aught but pleasant words to say of Mr. Walter Learned's 'Between Times' (1). There is a touch about some of these poems that recalls the lays of the dashing cavalier bards, and again we are reminded of Landor's cameo-like lyrics. Yet Mr. Learned is essentially himself, and it is our blithe latter nineteenth century maidens that he sings of, and not of any brocaded and quilted damosels. We find him at his best in such pieces as 'On the Fly-leaf of Manon Lescaut,' 'On a Fly-leaf of a Book of Old Plays,' 'An Idyl of the Choir,' and in dainty bits like a 'A Lover's Fancy,' 'Every One to His Taste' and 'Marjorie's Kisses.' Mr. Learned's 'In Explanation' is as good as any triolet we can recall, but with the rondeau he is less successful. The last twenty pages of the volume are devoted to agreeable translations from Béranger and other French poets.

Beautifully bound and printed, and embellished with frequent vignettes, is the volume of Mrs. Moulton's poems to which she has given the alluring title of 'In the Garden of Dreams' (2). A good part of the verses in this collection have done service in the magazines and periodicals which find their way into the houses of people of literary taste and refinement. The author has a graceful facility in verse-making, and in her garden of dreams there are flowers of delicate fancy enough; but almost every one grows out of a grave or hides a ghost. There are so many of these that one gets a sense of obituary rhymings, and is almost tempted to identify the author with the individual in the popular, lugubriously-ridiculous ballad, 'I Sat on Her Grave and Sang.' An air of spookiness pervades the volume, and we do not believe it is healthful. The best verses in the collection are to be found among the 'Sonnets,' and the poorest are the attempts at 'French Tunes.' We quote 'To a Pretty Woman Pouring Tea' because it is happy and free of spirits:

Fair Lady Rose, round whom black-coated bees,
Make murmurous humming all the afternoon;
Thou dost belong to the soft summer ease
Of purple islands, where the Southern seas
Break on the shore with low, beguiling tune.

Lands fair as the far-famed Hesperides
Should be thy home, O Lady of the June!
And thou shouldst pour, instead of cups like these,
Circean draughts, which to the subtle lees
Thy slaves should quaff, and praise thee all in tune.

* Between Times. By Walter Learned. New York: F. A. Stokes & Bro. \$2. In the Garden of Dreams. By Louise Chandler Moulton. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros. Poems. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. \$1.50. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

To playing of such melodies as please
 Fair lady's ears, and win, for love, love's boon;
 And sweet, beneath the gently drooping trees,
 Should be the tender whisper of the breeze,
 And time should pause, for thee, at golden noon.

The complete edition of the 'Poems' of Harriet McEwen Kimball (3) makes a volume of over three hundred pages, two-thirds of which are devoted to religious subjects and are thoughtful, sincere and meritorious compositions. The best poems, in our opinion, are to be found in the other third of the book—in what is called Part II.; they are written about flowers and birds and things about us in nature. We like 'The Lilacs' as well as any:

Heavy with fragrance and with dew,
 I see them in the moonlight pale,—
 The lilac-plumes that, two and two,
 Nod to the wind's low wail.

Purple and white, I see them wave,—
 Purple for valor, white for truth;
 And far away I see a grave
 Where lies the flower of youth!

The make-up of this volume is attractive, and so are these verses.

Holiday Publications and Books for the Young

WHEN DORÉ went to London, he went to see what he had already in his mind's eye. He had his types of English folk all ready. His effects he was sure of finding anywhere. There is as little of the actual London in most of his pictures as there is in his initial W, where an African lion stands on the river bank and gazes towards the forest of masts in the distance. Nevertheless, there was much doubtless to impress him, after a fashion, in the thronged and turbid Thames, the crowds on London Bridge, the wharves and warehouses, the fog and smoke. His faculty of photographing scenes on his memory, though by no means reliable for accuracy, enabled him to give picturesque impressions of scenes like the scuffle by night on the docks and 'All London at a Boat-race.' The crowds at the finish of the Derby is a real crowd, if it is not especially English. Westminster Abbey no doubt delighted him, as anything Gothic always did. He fails badly in representing the English type of female beauty. These are not English features at all, whether of Norman or of Saxon blood, which he gives his equestriennes on Rotten Row. The West End, indeed, had few attractions for him. He far preferred the rags and tags, the grime and dirt of Whitechapel, or the crush and jam of Ludgate Hill. The great breweries back of St. Paul's furnished him with half a dozen exceptionally good pictures. Of opium-dens, all-night resorts, the markets, and the slums, he has given on the whole a fair account. Blanchard Jerrold's descriptions follow the pictures if anything a little too closely, and Doré in London was certainly not at his best. Still, these impressions of his have their value and will probably be printed many times over. The present edition reproduces the original in all matters of importance, and the cuts are printed as well as could be desired. (\$5. Harper & Bros.)

ONE of the most attractive Nuggets in the Knickerbocker series is 'Songs of Fairy-Land,' compiled by Mr. Edward T. Mason, with illustrations by Miss Maud Humphrey. The illustrations, we are sorry to say, have suffered occasionally in the reproduction, but most of them are pleasing and satisfactory. We are glad to see that the compiler did not forget Mrs. Tomson's 'The Fairies' Cribbler,' Miss Cone's 'Oberon,' and Miss Thomas's 'A Light Round'—three of the most exquisite bits of fairy-poetry. The collection includes among other things Drayton's 'Nymphidia,' Keats's 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' Drake's 'Culprit Fay' and Coleridge's 'Song of the Pixies.' We cannot help noting with regret that these Nuggets are not uniform in size. The 'War Ballads' volumes are a half-inch wider than 'Songs of Fairy-Land.' (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'MUSICAL MOMENTS' is the title of a very readable and creditable anthology of prose and poetry relating to music and musical instruments. There are 276 extracts from the writings of half as many authors, and the compilation reveals excellent literary judgment on the part of the anonymous editor. The book is well-printed and tastefully bound. (\$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)—DAINTILY PRINTED and attractively illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory is this new edition of the school girls' favorite, 'Lucile.' The pictures are in the manner of the French impressionist school, and the book has a general likeness to the Daudet 'Tartarin' volumes; but the best of the illustrations are not up to standard of the best in the French books, not because they are not so well drawn, but because they are not so well reproduced. The book makes a good contribution to the stores of Santa Claus, and so long as we do not have to read it

again, we are willing to wish it success on account of what Mr. Gregory and the Messrs. Stokes have done for it. (\$1.50. F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

Minor Notices

IN 'Some Eminent Women of Our Times,' Mrs. Henry Fawcett has assembled a series of brief biographical sketches, originally contributed by her to *The Mother's Companion*, their composition, we are told, being 'suggested by the fact that nearly all the best contributions of women to literature have been made during the last hundred years, and simultaneously with this remarkable development of literary activity among women, there has been an equally remarkable activity in spheres of work held to be peculiarly feminine.' The result of Mrs. Fawcett's labors is a neat volume, wherein those uninformed about the chief points of interest in the career of the women whose names here follow, may be pleasantly enlightened: Elizabeth Fry, Mary Carpenter, Caroline Herschel, Sarah Martin, Mary Somerville, Queen Victoria, Harriet Martineau, Florence Nightingale, Mary Lamb, Agnes Elizabeth Jones, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Lady Sale, Elizabeth Gilbert, the blind daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, who, for her fellow-sufferers, worked until her death in 1885; Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Queen Louise of Prussia, Joanna Bailie, Dorothy Wordsworth, Sister Dora, to whose pure memory a marble shaft now rises in the smoky town of Walsall, England; Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, and, lastly, the two American Abolitionists, Prudence Crandall and Lucretia Mott. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

FOLLOWING in the wake of the convocation of the illustrious shades and few surviving workers in woman's fields just mentioned, we have the Life of St. Theresa of Avila, by Mrs. Bradley Gilman, in the Famous Women Series. Saint Theresa, it appears, was a Spanish lady around whom mediæval legends have entwined like successive growths of ivy. Charles Kingsley, after writing his Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary as a present to his wife upon their wedding-day, had it in mind to embalm the memory of Theresa of Spain in similar fashion; a purpose which, if accomplished, has borne no fruit to public view. Mrs. Gilman, who finds in her heroine, not the bloodless ascetic of history, but a woman all strength and softness, courage and humility, has delved into many French translations from the Spanish, discarding much that seemed to her superfluous, for material for her charming little book. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

THAT DRAMA of the spirit, and classic poem, found among Hebrew writings but having nothing Jewish about it, and entitled Job, will bear translation in every age. The Revisers improved its form mightily in the Revision of 1884, but persons of culture will always enjoy every new attempt to set forth its merits in the speech of their day. We welcome, therefore, the bright and scholarly book of Prof. George H. Gilbert of the Chicago Theological Seminary on 'The Poetry of Job.' About one-half of the book deals with the poem in translation, and the second gives the interpretation with studies and comments. Like the late Taylor Lewis, Prof. Gilbert has been impressed not only with the sublimity of the Hebrew diction, but also with its peculiar rhythm. To say that it is very hard to reproduce this flowing swell and heaving roll, as of an ocean's incoming tide, is only telling a truth of which none is more sensible than the appreciative and scholarly young Professor. While we hardly think that he has made as smooth reading as is found in Dr. Lewis's version, yet he has the superior merit of more exact faithfulness to the form as well as the spirit of the original. In his successful rendering of the two-toned lines which effectively break the monotony of the four-toned lines, he has made a decided hit. The interpretative part of the book is a rich mine of helpful exegesis and comment. As a companion to the study of the Book of Job in the Revised Version, this volume is without rival or peer. (\$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

MISS ANNA L. WARD'S 'Dictionary of Prose Quotations,' taken along with her 'Dictionary of Quotations from the Poets,' will, we fear, supersede with many 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' as an easy way to learning. It is methodical as a dictionary should be, and it includes excerpts from authors of whom Burton was excusably ignorant, seeing that in his time they had not yet been born. Besides being ranged under such headings as 'Silence,' 'Ignorance,' 'Language,' they are again marshalled in various ways in several indices; so that, given the faintest clue to an idea, it can, if it is in the book, be hunted down with certainty. (\$2. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'DEMOCRACY IN THE CHURCH' is a strongly polemic tract, 'inscribed to the Centennial General Convention of the American Catholic Church,' by Robert A. Holland of

St. Louis. It is a furious plea in behalf of episcopacy—of the author's ideal. 'Democracy,' according to the author, who is certainly in earnest, if not always coherent, 'is an effort to solidarize sin against the Kingdom of Christ' (p. 94). Students of the social problems of the day, especially of Church and State, may find it interesting. —REV. RUFUS W. CLARK of Detroit, Mich., has made a very neat and serviceable book of household devotion. It is felicitously entitled 'The Church in the House,' and consists of daily family prayers for morning and evening. The prayers are suited for Christians of every name, and are simple, appropriate, tender, and comprehensive. There are also Scripture readings. (60 cts. Thos. Whittaker.)

'HOW TO CATALOGUE a Library' will probably be found by professional librarians and cataloguers an admirable little manual, as it formulates a set of rules at once simple and comprehensive, most of which have stood the test of experience in some of the greatest English public libraries. In but one respect does its author, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, fall short of his promise. The owners of small libraries, made for special purposes or for their own delectation, will find little that will be particularly useful to them. The 'Rules for a Small Library' given in chapter VIII. are merely those already given for the cataloguing of large libraries, put in more concise form. Mr. Wheatley (would that all cataloguers of public libraries were like him) thinks always of the visiting reader. It is his convenience that he has in mind in objecting to the classified catalogue, and preferring the 'dictionary catalogue,' like that of the Queensland Parliamentary Library, in which every book is entered in alphabetical order in the three divisions of Authors, Titles and Subjects. But the owner of a private library almost invariably, and for good reasons, prefers making a classified catalogue; and if he has, or can command, any literary talent, we should refer him rather to Beraldi's 'Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile,' the model of all private catalogues, present and to come. But he who would understand what the catalogue of a public library should be, what he may reasonably expect to find in it, and what the cataloguer has a right to expect of him, will find Mr. Wheatley's little volume at once instructive and entertaining. (\$1.25. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, Prof. Adolph Ebert gave us the first volume of his 'Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendlande bis zum Beginne des 11 Jahrhunderts.' Critics welcomed it warmly and appreciated duly its well-laid plan and skilful arrangement of material, its profound and accurate scholarship and its pleasing literary style, which makes even the dry old Church Fathers attractive and interesting. Two succeeding volumes, devoted to Anglo-Saxon, German and other mediæval literatures, have since appeared. Realizing what a treasure they have in the work, scholars have not been slow to express their high appreciation of it, and to-day their verdict is almost universally accepted. A French translation by Aymeric and Condamin, a partial English translation by Mayer and Lumby, and a proposed American translation of the part devoted to Anglo-Saxon literature, testify to the esteem in which the work is held outside of its German home. During the past fifteen years the scholarly author has kept fully abreast with the times; and in this, the second edition of Vol. I., he has discussed and incorporated all the latest results of critical and special study in his field. The size of the book has been largely increased, and a comparison of the second with the first edition shows many, and often striking, changes necessary for the accommodation of new matter only lately found. Among others we may mention the changes concerning the works of Cyprian, of Juvenius, the newly found Arezzo Codex ascribed to Hilarius, the poem 'Adversus Marcionem,' Gregory of Tours' 'De Miraculis les Andreae,' the poem in praise of Milan, the 'Vitæ' of St. Balthildis and St. Arnulf. Several whole chapters have also been added; for instance, those on the 'Peregrinatio ad Loca Sancta,' on 'Martinus Bracarenensis' and on the 'Riddle Poetry of Eusebius and Tatwine.' We sincerely hope that the new volume may add many friends to the long list of those who already know and prize this great work of a ripe scholar.

Magazine Notes

THE discovery of the ancient Temple of Bast, the cat-headed Egyptian goddess corresponding most nearly to the Greek Venus, is the subject of the opening paper, by Amelia B. Edwards, in the January *Century*. The explorations, begun in 1887 and finished in the spring of this year, by M. Naville, have disclosed the ruins of several splendid halls, many fragments of colossi and a rich mine of other antiquities extending from the sixth to the thirtieth dynasty, some of which have already reached the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and some the British Museum. Among the illustrations are a portrait head of Rameses II. and a colossal head of one of the

Hyksos kings. The latter is considered an especially interesting find by Egyptologists, who, we presume, will be employed for years to come over the inscriptions and pictured slabs of which *The Century* gives the first popular account. The number is otherwise so packed with solid reading that only the most fluid of light literature, like Frank Stockton's 'Merry Chanter' and Margaret J. Preston's poem, 'A Damascus Garden,' could get into the interstices. There is an instalment of Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, one of the Lincoln history, religious papers, politico-economical papers, and a scientific paper on the forms of spiral nebulae. Happily, most of these articles, though solid, are not heavy. Jefferson's recollections are agreeably spiced with his opinions on men and principles; Nicolay and Hay's 'Lincoln' reaches the exciting events of the assassination and the pursuit and capture of the assassins; W. J. Stillman gives a short sketch of Andrea Mantegna, with an engraving after one of his pictures; Henry James expatiates at greater length on the caricaturist Daumier, and reproduces many of his clever sketches; and there is a short biographical account of Prof. James Bryce, author of 'The American Commonwealth,' with a portrait which serves as frontispiece to the number.

'In the name of the Prophet, figs!' The Smyrna fig-harvest sketched by Tristram Ellis furnishes the prettiest pictures in the January *Harper's Monthly*. The description of the fig district, the manner of cultivation and of gathering and packing the fruit is very interesting. 'The Russian Army,' described by an anonymous Russian general and illustrated by T. de Thulstrup, like the foregoing, is full of novel information. 'Jamaica, New and Old,' sketched by Howard Pyle, and the old Scotch town of St. Andrews, pictured by Joseph Pennell and written of by Andrew Lang, complete a quartet of bright articles on foreign lands and affairs. Of home subjects we have a paper by Mrs. L. C. Lillie on two almost forgotten phases of American art, with illustrations after pictures by Thomas Cole, John W. and J. Henry Hill, and T. C. Farrer. The latter are careful and refined drawings of bits of nature. Cole's work is the only too well-known allegory, 'The Cross and the World.' There are two exciting Southern stories—'Youma,' by Lafcadio Hearn, which is to be continued, and 'Barthélemy de Macarty's Revenge,' by the Hon. Charles Gayarré. The poetry of the number is by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and Henry Bernard Carpenter.

The problem of the storage of water for the irrigation of what would otherwise be desert land is one of great importance in the West. Walter Gillette Bates shows in the January *Scribner's* how much has been done in the way of dam-building and water-delivery in the arid tract east of the Rocky Mountains; and very good engravings illustrate his article. The Paris Exhibition is the subject of a few pages of 'Notes and Impressions,' by W. C. Brownell, whose remarks on the artistic part of the exhibition are particularly noteworthy. The first of a series of 'African Studies' which the magazine undertakes to publish is furnished by A. F. Jacassy who describes Tripoli with pen-and-pencil. He gives us many picturesque glimpses of street and mosque, of Roman ruins and Turkish castles, rag-dealers, snake-charmers and marabouts. 'The Beauty of Spanish Women' is a theme on which Henry T. Finck waxes eloquent. Pictures of girls of Granada, Tarragona and other famous towns furnish him with proof of his assertions. 'Electricity in the Household,' by A. E. Kennelly, recounts all the uses already made of electricity in lighting, signalling, running light motors for fans, sewing-machines, etc. 'Expiation,' by Octave Thanet, is continued, and so is 'In the Valley.' The new department, the Point of View, opens promisingly.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, now become Dictator of the Tea-Table, make a terrific onslaught on the critics in the January *Atlantic*. He affects to disbelieve in the prowess of Caleb the son of Jephunnah, who claimed to be as strong to smite at fourscore and five as he was at forty, allowing only that, no doubt, he was lusty and vigorous for his years. But Dr. Holmes, himself assuming the offensive, strikes out with nimbleness and power that would astonish the old Israelite champion. We would remind him, however, that the Philistines were the true children of light, and that they have got the best of the old quarrel as matters stand. Dr. Holmes's paper—his onslaught on the critics apart—is about old age. He enumerates a formidable string of hale old men,

Case-hardened, old, inveterate, hard-handed,

ending with the example of Mme. Sagui, who danced upon the tight-rope at the age of seventy-six. A performance as light and airy, if not so grotesque, a poem 'To the Eleven Ladies' who presented him with a silver loving-cup on his eightieth birthday, the 29th of August last, completes the essay. Long may we retain upon the magazine stage the veteran actor who can come on with a war-whoop like Caleb's and go off, like Sagui, in a pirouette! No other contributor can do the like, and Henry James and E. L.

Bynner and Agnes Repplier and Margaret Deland and the rest of the young folks must make way for the Dictator. Even Mr. Aldrich's 'Echo Song' must wait till the poem 'To the Eleven' has been perused.

The January is a Julian Hawthorne number of *Lippincott's*. There is a portrait for frontispiece, a complete novel, 'Millicent and Rosalind,' with an illustration by Frederick Dielman, and an essay on 'Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life,' telling us how the more famous Hawthorne worked, with illustrative passages from 'Septimius Felton.' This object-lesson in authorship is to be continued. Dora Read Goodale has a sonnet, 'Nymphæa.' 'Newspaper Fiction' and the Tillotson Syndicate are shown up by William Westall. Edward Fuller writes of 'The Theatrical Renaissance of Shakespeare.' Amélie Rives versifies about 'Blue Water-Lilies.' Richard Henry Stoddard biographizes Nathaniel Parker Willis. 'Kinks in the Skein,' a coöperative essay in comic story-telling, is by Robert J. Burdette, Bill Nye and J. Armoyn Knox. And there is a poem of three stanzas, 'In the Evening,' by James Whitcomb Riley.

A compressed novelette in rhyme, tasting as if it came out of a badly sealed tin, is what Bret Harte's 'Station-Master of Lone Prairie,' in *The New Review* for December, may be said to suggest. 'Mr. Morley and the New Radicalism' are handled, or rather mauled, from both sides by a Socialist-Radical and a Liberal-Conservative. Part II. of M. Pasteur's treatise on 'Rabies' is translated by Dr. Armand Ruffer; Mrs. Lynn Linton has a dreary article 'About Ireland'; and the Hon. Lewis Wingfield tells how he managed a Lord Mayor's Show. Prof. Max Müller, in an essay on 'What to Do with Our Old People,' holds up to us the Hindoo custom of retiring to a life of meditation, and the example of Gaorishankar, Prime Minister of Bhavnagar, who, after preparing himself by deep study of the Upanishads and the Vedas, resigned his office at the age of seventy-four and retired to a garden house without the town, there to enter on the fourth stage of life and become a Samnyâsi. We commend this paper to all who have got to the top of the ladder and have not already 'retired.' Henry James contributes Part I. of 'The Solution'; two parts are to follow.

The Green Bag, Boston's monthly for lawyers, concludes its first volume with the December number, the frontispiece being a portrait of Mr. Irvine Browne, editor of *The Albany Law Journal*, a sketch of whose life follows it. *The Chautauquan* for December prints, among many articles of interest, one by Prof. J. A. Harrison on 'The Archæological Club in Italy,' one by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley on 'Traits of Human Nature,' one by J. Ranken Towse on 'Modern English Politics and Society,' and one by Prof. A. S. Hardy, novelist and mathematician, on 'The Uses of Mathematics.' *College and School* is the title of a little magazine that makes its first appearance this month, at Utica, N. Y. As its name indicates, it treats of matters of interest to 'teachers, students and parents.' Editorial departments are conducted by Clinton Scollard and Wm. H. Hayne; and the copyright stands in the name of F. G. Barry. The magazine would look better—and read easier—if it were printed in larger type.

The Lounger

THE LATE FRANKLIN B. GOWEN of Philadelphia was a man of immense vitality, both physical and mental. An anecdote that I heard some years ago well illustrates the elasticity of his mind and spirits. It refers to a time when the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad were in a particularly critical condition. A meeting of the Directors was held, but President Gowen had been forbidden by his physician to leave the house. So he remained all day in his library—not pacing the floor in feverish anxiety, or stretched upon a lounge in hopeless depression, but seated in an easy chair before an open fire—reading 'Pickwick.' Every half-hour a messenger boy would appear with a despatch from the Directors at their meeting; and Mr. Gowen would lay the book down, still open at the page where he was reading, till he had dashed off an answer; then he would pick up 'Pickwick' again, and in a moment be absorbed in the doings of the rollicking Club. Shouts of laughter would amaze the slow-paced messenger boy as he entered the room or left it; and no one could have believed that questions of vital importance to his personal fortunes and those of his road were being decided by this cool-headed man, to whom the adventures of Dickens's ludicrous hero were apparently a matter of more moment than the advisability of mortgaging a railroad for millions of dollars.

A VERY SINGULAR and painful story comes from Vienna by way of the London *Standard*. Alfred Meissner, who died four years since at the age of sixty-three, having achieved fame in Austria and Germany as the author of 'Ziska' and other poems, several plays

and more than a dozen novels, proves, by the confession of his brother-in-law, Robert Byr, to have committed suicide from remorse at having tried to sell as his own a novel written by Franz Hedrich, also a Bohemian, who, by Byr's account, had collaborated with Meissner on his earlier novels. Hedrich, however, claims that for thirty years the works put forth in Meissner's name were really his, and that Meissner gave him but a pittance for them, instead of the \$50,000 or so that was fairly his due. He puts forth this claim in a pamphlet, and supports it with letters of Meissner's. Byr, in reply, quotes his brother-in-law as saying, on his deathbed, that Hedrich had hunted him 'like a tiger.' 'He claimed the fortune of my children. He was my evil genius during all my life, and I was his prisoner, so that nothing but death remains for me to escape his bondage.' This unhappy disclosure and the Erckmann-Chatrian affair have a tendency to discourage literary collaboration, even where, as in the latter case, the identity of neither of the co-workers is merged in that of the other.

ONE OF THE presents received by an admirer of Browning this Christmas—the one he prizes most highly—is a letter from the poet naming the four or five poems 'of moderate length' which he regarded as best representing his work. This interesting memento is framed in the same mat with a portrait from *The Woman's World* for December—a reproduction of the last photograph Mr. Browning ever sat for, and one of the best likenesses ever made of him. The letter was addressed to Mr. Edmund Gosse, who turned it over to the compiler of a volume of selections from living American and English poets, in whose behalf he had written the note that called it forth. I have the owner's permission to publish it:

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W. March 15, '85.

MY DEAR GOSSE:—Your poems, of moderate length, which represent their writer fairly: if I knew what 'moderation' exactly meant, the choice would be easier. Let me say—at a venture—lyrical: 'Saul,' or 'Abt Vogler'; narrative: 'A Forgiveness'; dramatic: 'Caliban upon Setebos'; idyllic (in the Greek sense): 'Clive.' Which means that, being restricted to four dips in the Lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples—so far as these go, for there is somewhat behind still!

Ever truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The most trustworthy account of the poet's life up to the death of Mrs. Browning is to be found in *The Century* for December, 1881, in an article by Mr. Gosse on the early poems of Browning. The facts were obtained from the poet himself.

THE photograph of Browning, framed with this letter, and the one said to look the most like him, was taken by William Grove, who was the poet's body servant for seven years before he set up as a photographer. Mr. Grove says that the attitude he has photographed Mr. Browning in—his head resting on his hand—is one of his most familiar that he has ever seen him take. 'He would sit like that for half an hour, sometimes, and then take up his pen to jot something down.' I wonder if Mr. Grove, devoted servant as he was, appreciated the value to the literature of the world of the 'something' his master jotted down.

THE DEATH of the Rev. Edward Bradley, better known as 'Cuthbert Bede,' brings back to my mind that delightful skit upon Oxford life, 'Verdant Green.' Never shall I forget the pleasure I got out of that book. 'Gig-lamps' and the Bouncer are as real to me as Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Foker, both of whom they resemble. 'Verdant Green' is still the popular book of the Oxford undergraduate, for though the times have changed, the types are not greatly modified. Curiously enough, Mr. Bradley was not an Oxford man: he was a graduate of Durham. 'Verdant Green' was written in a farmhouse in Worcestershire forty years ago, when its young author was curate of Leigh.

THE KINDLY CLUB, whose motto is 'The Law of Kindness,' has been mentioned in this column. Its Secretary, Miss T. Ruutz-Rees, sends me from Scarsdale, N. Y., a copy of an Open Letter to members, from which I quote one or two passages.

The meetings of the Kindly Club have been reluctantly abandoned for two reasons: First—The continued weakness of the President. Second—Want of funds, 20 only, out of 140 (signed) members in New York and Brooklyn having paid their annual dues. At the close of last season the Kindly Club was \$32.00 behindhand, and therefore but for the generous donation of an out-of-town member of \$10.00, it would still be in arrears, whereas with the exception of the balance liability of \$2.00 and the present printing and postage, it is, if without funds, free from debt. The correspondence of the Club continues, and branches are forming in many directions. . . . Letters of personal interest can be addressed to the President Kindly Club, 13 East 16th, New York.

THE STORY started by a New York paper, and freely copied and commented upon, that Mr. Ward McAllister had refused an offer for his memoirs made by the Century Co., has not a word of truth in it. Mr. McAllister did not refuse such an offer, because no such offer was made. The story was a pure invention. When such an offer is made, it will be time to comment upon it; in the present circumstances, a sermon preached on this text is thrown away. That Mr. McAllister's reminiscences would be interesting, there can be no doubt, for few men know the social history of this country for the past twenty-five years so well as he, and he comes of a family of writers.

'THERE IS NO DOUBT,' says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, 'that he will make an excellent Superintendent of Public Works.' 'Isn't there?' comments the *Tribune*. 'Isn't there?—what? 'No doubt,' of course. Where was Lindley Murray when this sentence went out from the sanctum? The *Herald* remarks that if the Vicomte de Ouro Preto, late Prime Minister of Brazil, should chance to pass through Spain, he will often hear the proverb: 'No hay ningunos pájaros en los nidos de los años pasados' ('There are no birds in last year's nests'). Happily there is no danger of the Vicomte's ears being offended by such mongrel Spanish. If he hears this familiar proverb, it will be repeated in these words:

En los nidos de antaño
No hay pájaros ogaño.

'WILL not some stationer,' writes 'C. H. C.,' 'manufacture and advertise a strong thick envelope, perhaps reinforced by pasteboard, as Howe's patent, made of a size to take note-size manuscript in good quantity without folding? It would be a boon to writers and editors, and make money for the stationer. Not one stationery store in a hundred keeps a suitable envelope for mailing manuscript.'

Fac-similes of Documents Relating to America

IN FEBRUARY, 1887, the Committee on Library of the House of Representatives reported to that body in favor of 'procuring a descriptive catalogue Index of certain documents in Europe relating to America'—a work undertaken by Mr. B. F. Stevens, American Despatch Agent in London, through whom the valuable Franklin collection, of which Mr. Bigelow has made such good use in his ten-volume edition of Franklin's Works, came into possession of our Government a few years since. No vote was reached on the subject, but Mr. Stevens has proceeded with the work, being encouraged in pursuing it by some three hundred representative men-of-letters, historical societies, colleges and other institutions of learning. The progress already made has been such as to enable him to utilize the Index in the preparation of a series of photographic 'Fac-similes of Manuscripts Relating to America from 1763 to 1783 in the Archives of England, France, Holland and Spain.' Mr. Stevens estimates that one hundred large volumes of about five hundred pages each will hold the Fac-similes, and that about ten years will see the completion of the work. Only two hundred copies are to be printed, and they will be sold to subscribers only. The price of each volume will be \$25, but if five consecutive volumes are ordered in advance, the price for the five will be only \$100. Vol. I. is already in the Custom House in this city, but there is no precedent, we believe, to guide the Collector in classifying the book, and its delivery to subscribers has been delayed while the matter is under consideration. Vol. II. was to have been consigned to Mr. Stevens's New York agents, Messrs. Tice & Lynch, by the City of Chicago on December 18. We have already expressed our sense of the importance of the work in which Mr. Stevens is engaged, and shall endeavor to keep our readers duly informed as to its progress, and the manner in which it is carried on.

Henry W. Grady

[James Whitcomb Riley, in the *Tribune*.]

TRUE-HEARTED friend of all true friendliness!
Brother of all true brotherhoods!—Thy hand
And its late pressure now we understand
Most fully, as it falls thus gestureless,
And Silence lulls thee into sweet excess
Of sleep. Sleep thou content!—Thy loved Southland
Is swept with tears, as rain in sunshine; and
Through all the frozen North our eyes confess
Like sorrow,—seeing still the princely sign
Set on thy lifted brow, and the rapt light
Of the dark, tender, melancholy eyes—
Thrilled with the music of those lips of thine,
And yet the fire thereof that lights the night
With the white splendor of thy prophecies.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1889.

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"

THE last poem in Tennyson's new book, 'Demeter, and Other Poems,' is called 'Crossing the Bar.' There is a pathos about it, and a beauty, as characteristic of the Laureate as the manly lines about himself at the end of 'Asolando' are typical of Browning. We print it herewith:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

International Copyright

THE Senate Committee on Patents has appointed Thursday, Jan. 9, as a day for hearing arguments on the subject of International Copyright. We are requested by the Secretary of the American Copyright League to announce that the League desires to enlist the co-operation of all who sympathize with the principle of International Copyright, and all such will be cordially welcomed as members of the League. In the present campaign, which we have ground to hope will be the final one, resulting in the victory of the cause, it is especially desired that all men and women of letters, whether authors of books or contributors to the periodical press, should be enrolled upon the lists of the League.

In many cases it is difficult to reach individual writers, and hence it is hoped that those whose eye this may reach will forward their names, with the amount of the annual dues (\$2), to Col. Thomas W. Knox, 149 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gould and Audubon, Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Mr. W. I. Fletcher's note in THE CRITIC for Dec. 28 calls for a sharper answer than I like to give it. He says that a consensus of those qualified to judge—that is, I presume, of artists and naturalists of standing—should be had before daring to give Audubon his due. But a consensus of Mr. Fletcher and a bookseller (for Tennyson's hyperbole is quoted only to show a high opinion of Gould, shared by the present writer) is sufficient to secure to Gould first place. The expression to which Mr. Fletcher takes exception is based on the writer's knowledge of both works. Without posing as an 'authority,' he may add that he has, himself, drawn birds from 'les originaux montés' and from life, to the satisfaction of artists and of naturalists. And he believes that the majority in both hemispheres, of those qualified to judge, places Audubon before Gould.

THE WRITER OF THE HAVEMEYER NOTICE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 30.

Ibsen's "Pillars of Society"

THE PERFORMANCES of Ibsen's play, 'The Pillars of Society,' at the Amberg Theatre, this week and last, were made remarkable by the fine acting of Possart in the character of the hero, which he has often performed under the eyes of the author himself. Ibsen has accepted the interpretation as the realization of his own ideal of Gustav Bernick, and it is generally conceded that it is one of the most noteworthy characterizations in the repertory of this powerful and versatile actor. The play itself is not one of those in which the Norwegian dramatist illustrates most fully his notions about heredity, its main object, apparently, being to prove that a man may be very prosperous and stand very high in the estimation of his fellows, and yet be a thorough-paced rascal—a proposition which can scarcely be regarded as novel or startling, on the stage or anywhere else. Bernick is a consul in a small Norwegian port, of which he is the first citizen by virtue of his supposed merits and his known wealth. His true character, however, is revealed to the audience. He began his career by cruelly jilting the girl who loved him in order to marry a woman with money. He behaved abominably to a certain actress, but induced his brother-in-law to shoulder the responsibility and leave the country, and then laid upon the

shoulders of his absent relative the blame for a defalcation of which he himself was guilty. When his brother-in-law returns and threatens exposure, he prevails upon him to return to America, and arranges for his embarkation upon an unseaworthy ship on which there is a heavy insurance. When he hears that his intended victim has boarded another vessel, and that his own son has sailed on the doomed ship—a report which afterwards turns out to be false,—he breaks down suddenly and completely, and makes open confession, at a public demonstration in his honor, of all the treachery, crimes and meannesses by which he has built up his fortunes. Thereupon his admiring friends fall away from him, and he is left with the women of his household, who remain faithful among the faithless, and whom he designates the true Pillars of Society. Whether he goes to jail or not, does not appear.

Everybody can judge for himself the probability of a tale of this kind. Hardened and persistent criminals of twenty years' standing do not often allow their emotions to get the better of their interests. Weakness of that kind would prevent them from being criminals, or, at all events, from being successful in ill-doing. The situation proves nothing but a rather curious ignorance of human nature. It does, however, provide an excellent opportunity for the actor, and Herr Possart availed himself of it in a masterly manner. The fidelity of the women is a true and touching point, but surely it will not be claimed that Ibsen is the first dramatist, essayist or poet who has made it. He draws a character well, in the fashion of the novelist, but his personages are for the most part of the commonest clay, and there is nothing in the stories in which they figure to lend them additional interest. The literary value of his work cannot be judged fairly, of course, in translation.

London Letter

POETICAL and picturesque in the extreme must have been that little flotilla of gondolas which crossed the Venetian lagoon in the pale wintry sunset, conveying the honored remains of Robert Browning to their temporary resting-place in the island cemetery, on Sunday last. It is meet and right that a poet such as he should ultimately lie

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

Westminster Abbey may well receive Browning under its vaulted canopy, and doubtless there will be a magnificent ceremonial, and all the pomp and majesty of woe, when his bier is borne thither in state; but the beauty and pathos of that little procession floating noiselessly behind its flower-bedecked leader will not be found in all that 'great London' can do. The Dean of Westminster gives general satisfaction, however, by the promptitude with which he took the law into his own hands, and offered a space for the poet's remains among the mighty dead, when there was no time to be lost in waiting for the *vox populi* to require it. Traditions are good, but occasionally a breach of tradition is still better. No unprejudiced mind could possibly dispute Browning's claim to a spot in 'Poets' Corner'; his works may or may not be all that his admirers vaunt them, but they are at any rate among the best poetic productions of the present time—and that is sufficient. Each epoch should be represented in our great National Pantheon, whether or not its representatives equal those of other years.

In appearance Browning was certainly not the typical poet. He was neither lean, ragged, nor lantern-jawed. As I remember him a few years ago, he looked a kindly, pleasant, smiling, well-dressed and 'well-groomed' elderly gentleman, the very pink and perfection of neatness and cleanliness. Indeed, his silvery locks and short, snowy beard were trimmed with all the care of a dandy, and a dandy after this fashion I fancy he must always have been. In company he loved to please, and be pleased. His manners were particularly agreeable, and towards women they were something more—deferential and submissive. He happened to sit just behind me when his play 'Colombe's Birthday' was performed under the auspices of the Browning Society, and the unaffected pleasure he took in the whole thing—but more especially in the 'Colombe' of Miss Alma Murray—was really delightful to see. He seemed to forget altogether that he had himself any part or lot in it. Of the Browning Society itself, however, he thus wrote on one occasion: 'I had no more to do with the founding it than the babe unborn; and as Wilkes was no Wilksite, I am quite other than a Browningite.' He probably felt that a society formed for the expressed purpose of rendering its 'master' intelligible to reading and thinking men and women was hardly much credit to him. He might choose to write in riddles, but he did not want a 'middleman' to explain his riddles. If his countrymen and women had not the wits, or would not take the trouble to pierce his obscurity and unwind his mazes

for themselves, he would have preferred they should die in their sins. This, at least, is something like the idea to be gathered from the letter above referred to.

But it must not be forgotten that it has been only during the last twenty years or so that Browning has written *in camera*. Before that period he gave us many a poem of exquisite tenderness and pathos which was as lucid as a twinkling streamlet. Moreover, we had the 'Dramatic Romances' and the 'Lyrics,' each volume of which would alone have established our poet's fame. And 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin'—can that really belong to the same hand which penned 'Sordello' and 'Paracelsus'? Verily poets are 'kittle cattle,' after all, as they say among the sturdy Scots, and Browning, by the way, was much appreciated in Scotland, where they like abstruse phraseology, and hard nuts to crack.

'Verdant Green' gone, too! Like many another, Edward Bradley ('Cuthbert Bede') had one book to write, and he wrote it. How well he wrote it, and how much we all loved it, there is no need here to say. At one time it was the book for every billiard-room and smoking-room; it crept upon the decorous school-shelf, and hid itself among the work-bags of the lady's boudoir. Here is one memory of it. A very grave, stern, not to say sour old gentleman, known only to be avoided by jovial, mirth-loving youth, was seated one fine day beneath the shade, with a volume in his hand. It was, of course, some ponderous treatise, some deadly, diabolical, impenetrable, theological discourse? Nothing of the kind. A sly inspection proved it to be 'Verdant Green'; and from that day forward the terrible old sphinx became in the eyes of the aforementioned youth a fellow-creature. That 'one touch of nature' had made him and his scoffers 'kin.' I had forgotten, until reminded of it the other day, that the delightfully quaint illustrations in 'Verdant Green' were also by the author. He must have been an accomplished artist. Had he been in his zenith at the present time, the literary world would surely have been enriched by some more of his work; but it is only recently that we have come to adorn our magazine literature with efforts of the pencil as well as of the pen. There are some who do not yet think the innovation an improvement.

It appears that the diary of Sir Walter Scott is in the hands of an Edinburgh publisher, who considers that its hour has come. Accordingly a part of it is actually in type, and the whole will extend, I am told, to two ample volumes. It is sure to be good of its kind. We shall have no studiously arranged fine sentiments, in full dress for the public eye, while affecting the seclusion of the closet; no wordy, wire-drawn introspections, too often suggestive of a mere morbid sentimentality exhaling itself for the sheer pleasure of the thing,—we shall have the healthy and wholesome record of a healthy and wholesome life. Perhaps we may have something more. Scott mixed in society which for brilliancy of interest and fire of wit could hardly have been surpassed. He was sought for and courted on all sides; every door was open to him; every breast unbosomed itself to him; no man had more friends or fewer enemies. In the leisure of his later years, during which the forthcoming diary was kept, it may be hoped that many a pleasant remembrance and merry anecdote recurred to him, and was entered therein.

A book Scott would have greatly delighted in is under my hand as I write. This is 'Woodland, Moor and Stream,' lately brought out by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The writer, who, with great modesty, refrains from giving his name, would appear to belong to the same grade of life as Edward, the Scottish naturalist, whom the pen of Smiles has rendered well-known to every schoolboy. The Life of Edward goes out in thousands as a prize book for boys; and if there is any chance of a cessation in the demand, 'Woodland, Moor and Stream,' though a smaller volume, may very well be promoted to the vacant place. It is compiled from the notes of a genuine naturalist in humble life. It tells his early love of wild creatures—more particularly of wild birds and their haunts; records long days spent among the teeming marshes, or along the rambling hedge-rows; dwells with the fondness of long and close intimacy on the habits of the otter, the badger, the polecat, and all the tribe of outcast animals, who only cross the path of man at the peril of their lives; and interweaves with every reminiscence and adventure, sketches of wild, rude nature, which, if not exactly portrayed with the pen of a practised writer, are both graphic and forcible. Here is one little touch.

I have watched the life on the marshes at all hours of day and night; in the early morning, when the mist rolled over the land, and the scattered poplars and stunted willows took strange shapes, while the red hares flicked the wet off their hind legs as they sat on the mole hillocks; at mid-day, when the gulls left the sea to come to the shallow marsh pools, to bathe and rest; in the evening when flight after flight of starlings made their way over the flats to meet in one vast host, in order to go through their drill, before settling down for the night in the reeds. They rose up, and sank down again; twisted and turned as one bird;

sang their evening hymn, with chatter and whistle, rush and roar of wings,—while from the beach sounded the wailing scream of the curlew.

There are many such picturesque effects in 'Woodland, Moor and Stream,' and all who peruse its refreshing pages will feel indebted to Mr. J. A. Owen, but for whom it would probably never have seen the light. Indeed, one cannot but suspect that although Mr. Owen modestly disclaims any part but that of editing the little work, it owes to his deft and skilful 'editing' not a little of its charm.

From Hodder & Stoughton comes the new book by Mr. Barrie, whose 'A Window in Thrums' delighted us in the summer. In its way, 'When a Man's Single' is a satisfactory tale, well worth perusal. It cannot compare with its predecessor, but then it does not affect to compare with that beautiful and touching tale. It is more commonplace, more like the usual run of books, infinitely less dramatic and pathetic. And yet there is a vein of poetry in 'When a Man's Single,' too. The scene is again laid in the little Old World village of Thrums—supposed to be somewhere on the east coast of Scotland—and the hero is a miller's son, and the heroine a colonel's daughter. The miller's son forsakes his native place for a struggle with the outer world, and succeeds in raising himself, inch by inch, and step by step, till he is a match—(in his and her opinion) for the young lady of high degree; and to my mind, the scene in which he alleges that he is *not* so for the sake of her declaring that he *is* so, is a pretty bit of writing, whatever may be thought of its moral tendency. There is a glow of true nobility both in the young man's persistent recurrence to his homely origin and up-bringing, and in the young girl's rejoinders, which evince, not disregard of these, but a positive tenderness for them. The news of the approaching wedding is conveyed to the village folk of Thrums in a telegram, (for the lovers are at a distance; which perhaps is as well, all things considered), and there is a droll cackling and conjecturing over this wonderful telegram, which reminds us of the post-office scene in the immortal 'Antiquary.' The last reflection of the lame old sexton as he hobbled about among his tombs in the kirkyard of Thrums, is also worthy of Sir Walter. Tammas runs over in his mind all the friends and neighbors whom he has laid to rest. 'It's a pretty spot to be buried in,' he muttered; and then his eye wandered to another part of the burying-ground. 'Aye,' he said with a chuckle, 'but I've a snod bit cornery up there for myself.' 'Ou, aye!' Truly there is no saying upon what human kind will not plume themselves.

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1889.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

THE annual meeting of the International Copyright Association was held at Young's Hotel in this city this afternoon. The following officers were elected: President, Gen. Francis A. Walker; Vice-Presidents, Hon. John Lowell, Prof. W. W. Goodwin and Henry O. Houghton; Treasurer, Chas. C. Soule; Assistant Treasurer, F. H. Little; Secretary, Dana Estes; Directors, Hon. A. H. Rice, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Hon. John D. Long, Edward H. Clement, Benjamin H. Ticknor, Heman W. Chaplin and Samuel J. Elder. The following honorary members were elected: President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, and Dr. Francis Parkman.

Mr. Dana Estes, the Secretary, on behalf of the Executive Committee, read the annual report of the Association. The present membership is 318. The influence of the Association has increased through the stimulus given by the defeat of its hopes from its measure failing to come to a vote in the House of Representatives. The Committee of the Association took an active part in public hearings before Congressional Committees, and used the funds at its disposal in creating public sentiment in favor of the cause. The Authors' Reading netted about \$2000, including a gift of \$100 from Edwin Booth, and served also to increase the membership and the influence of the Association. Mr. Houghton and Mr. Estes represented the Committee at several meetings of the joint conference committee of the copyright leagues and associations, resulting in a decision to support the essential features of the Chace-Breckenridge bill now before the Senate. It is believed that the bill will pass the Senate without much delay.

The following resolution, recommended by the Executive Committee, was unanimously passed: 'Resolved, that this Association approve the bill granting copyright to foreign authors and artists now before Congress, and warmly urge its prompt passage, in the interest of the principle of equity and justice, and to the end that our own authors and artists may receive a proper recognition and reward for their works.' The Committee urge the importance of a continued interest in the beneficent cause. Mr. Henry O. Houghton said the great danger to its success was a false sense of security, and he pointed out that Western people think the pas-

age of the bill means dear books, whereas competition will insure cheap books. He maintained the need of careful organization in favor of the measure. The meeting was a very successful one, and all its proceedings were marked by unanimity.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish early in January 'The Diary of William Pynchon, of Salem,' an eminent barrister of that town during the middle and latter years of the last century. This is one of those gossiping chronicles which throw a great deal of light upon the political and social life of a very interesting period, and the fact that the author was a loyalist gives a special interest to his record. The contrast between our way of looking at unusual natural occurrences and that which prevailed in his generation appears in the manner in which a noted minister of the time moralized over a certain dark day in May, 1780, urging that it was owing to the inevitable act of God, for public extortion and other sins which he enumerated. The disorders and jealousies caused by ladies drawing lots for country dances at the fashionable assemblies are referred to under date of March 12, 1783, with the comment that common sense and decency might prevent them. This view was expressed to the malcontents, as appears from the following entry: 'The fiddler told them that he could distinguish an assembly from a frolick.'

In another passage there is an account of the joy manifested at the confirmation of the news of peace received from France in 22 days. 'Gen'l F. almost shook our arms off with "I give you joy! Joy, gentlemen, all," etc. We all call at Justice Porter's who treats us with a glass of egg-pop upon his taking the oath of Justice; and we dub him Squire Porter, and almost shake his arms off in imitation of Gen'l F.' Oct. 29, 1784, was signalized by the arrival of Lafayette, who was entertained with a dinner and ball. He was unable to do justice to the latter as appears from this entry: 'The French chevalier walks a minuet with Miss Williams. The Marquis hath a stiff knee, and danceth none.' In the next day's record, an unpleasant outcome of his visit is mentioned: 'Each circle, club, and tea-table in Salem is finding, proving, and disputing as to neglects and affronts respecting the entertainment and ball for the Marquis.' The diary is edited by Dr. F. E. Oliver, Cabinet Keeper of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

On the 18th of January, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish a number of books, some of which have been announced for earlier dates. One of these is 'The Bible and Modern Discoveries,' by Rev. Henry A. Harper, an officer of the Palestine Exploration Fund, who traces their connection with the Biblical narrative. Mr. Hamilton A. Hill's 'History of the Old South' presents the historic associations of the venerable church in an interesting manner. 'The Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega,' by Prof. E. N. Horsford, will embody the result of his investigations into the settlement of the Northmen near Boston, and include the fine poem delivered at the dedication of the memorial tower by Mr. E. H. Clement, editor of the Boston *Transcript*. The tenth edition of Prof. Hoppin's 'Old England,' carefully revised, and containing a new chapter, will be issued on the same date. 'Story's Conversations in a Studio,' in two volumes, and Woodberry's 'North Shore Watch' are in press.

I hear that 'Looking Backward' has passed the quarter of a million limit—a quarter-stretch which has seldom been compassed by a work of fiction, even with the aid of expert literary jockeying. An effort is making by one of our lecture bureaus to induce Mr. Bellamy to take to the platform.

Several of our literary men here in Boston have been victims to the prevalent influenza, among them Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. J. Boyle O'Reilly. Mr. Aldrich says that the malady has interfered with so many of his social engagements that he now requires a deposit from any one inviting him to a dinner-party, in order to secure the fulfillment of the obligation or, at least, indemnity for its violation.

BOSTON, Dec. 30, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MESSRS. CARROLL BECKWITH, President of the National Free Art League; Kenyon Cox, its Secretary; and William A. Coffin, of the Executive Committee, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives on Tuesday morning to speak in behalf of the free importation of works of art. To Chairman McKinley and his colleagues they presented strong arguments in support of the abolition of the 30 per cent. duty on art importations, informing them that the duty is not wanted by the artists; that 93 per cent. of 1435 artists whose views on the subject have been obtained are for free art; that the National Free Art League, having 1163 members in all parts of the country, is unanimous for abolishing the duty; and that resolutions have been passed by the

National Academy of Design and by the Society of American Artists declaring for free art.

—The January *Magazine of Art* has some excellent woodcuts of pictures by old masters in the English National Gallery of subjects connected with the Nativity of Our Lord. The quaint 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Fra Angelico, with its jewelled and ermined Kings kneeling in the flower besprinkled grass before the Holy Family in the stable door, very happily reproduces the sentiment of the original. Botticelli's round of angels wheeling in air over the shed, while others embrace with men in the foreground, is hardly less well rendered. But Rembrandt's 'Nativity'—the same composition as that in our Metropolitan Museum—while a very good engraving, is hardly so satisfactory as those just mentioned. Mr. S. R. Koehler concludes in this number his 'Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass.' The etched frontispiece is after Meissonier's 'Halt' and the full-page woodcut is after Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Hope Nursing Love.'

—The Barye bronzes and French paintings of the romantic school will remain on exhibition at the American Art Galleries till Jan. 15.

—M. Benjamin Constant received last Saturday evening the compliment of a reception by the Art Students' League. Mr. and Mrs. Glaenzer accompanied him, and, fortunately for the distinguished Frenchman, many of the artists gathered to meet him were at home in his mother tongue. The walls of the main studio were decorated; so, too, was M. Constant, who wore the ribbon and cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor. An interesting display was made of the work of the pupils of Kenyon Cox, Carroll Beckwith and other of the League's instructors. M. Constant will sail for France on the 28th inst. He means to supplement his review of the Barye Exhibition in the *Times* with one in the *Paris Temps*.

Robert Browning

'G. W. S.' CABLES to the *Tribune* from London that Robert Browning's body is lying in a kind of state at his former residence, 29 Devere Gardens. 'The house is filled with beautiful flowers, sent by friends and admirers from many parts of the world. Friends are admitted to see him, but not the public. He will be buried at noon on Tuesday, between Chaucer and Cowley, in the east aisle of the south transept of the Abbey, commonly known as the Poets' Corner.' A column or more is filled with Mr. Smalley's reminiscences of the dead poet, who was buried on the last day of the year. We make room for a part of his letter.

Mr. Lowell says that the characteristic of Browning's poetry is strength. It was characteristic of the man, too, and not less characteristic of him was his cheeriness. His entrance into a room filled it with sunshine. He had more manner than is usual with Englishmen; long residence abroad had left its mark upon him, and he had adopted some habits from his beloved Italians. He had a way of his own of greeting his friends. The right hand was raised and half-extended sideways, and came down into yours with a kind of swing, the other hand sometimes supporting yours against the shock. The voice was loud; at times almost harsh, or rather strident, and by no means always subdued to the conventional tone of the drawing-room; still less often of the dining-room; where he liked to sit, as it were, on a throne, which others were always ready to build for him. He would talk admirably in any circumstances, but he preferred a gallery, and the most successful dinners were those in which Browning himself bore sway. He could hold his own against competition, if need were; his voice, when he chose, filling the room, and he struck fearlessly into the current of talk; and was far too much a man of the world to expect always to have things his own way, and every company to consist of idolators. There were, however, certain houses where only the faithful were asked to meet him; personal friends, at least, if not devotees of his poetry; and there it was that he spoke most freely, and on the subjects for which he cared most. I will not repeat what I have said in these columns before about his talk. It was various, full, and full of illumination at times; at other times, if he thought his fellow-guests commonplace, he allowed his talk to suit to their level. Not that he ever suffered this to be seen; he had no arrogance and no airs of superiority; but if the people among whom he found himself preferred, like the Englishman in California, the weather as a topic, there was no one more ready than Browning to lend himself to this caprice.

He was quite free from all the little vanities and irritabilities in which lesser authors indulge themselves, but he set a just value on his position and on the various recognitions of it which came to him. He was delighted when Cambridge—I think it was—made him an honorary Master of Arts, a distinction almost unique. His

Oxford degree pleased him, and his honorary Fellowship of Balliol. When Lord Rosebery gave his state dinner to the Shah, a representative function, and guests were expected to come in uniform or court dress, Browning wrote to his host that as he was asked as a man-of-letters he thought that it might be proper if he wore his gown as Doctor of Civil Law. It struck everybody as a happy thought, and Browning's appearance in the flowing scarlet robes of the University was one of the events of the evening; pleased his host and the Shah, and Mr. Gladstone and everybody else.

He was, in all essential things, perfectly simple and genuine; transparently so, sometimes. The beginning of the Browning societies was an instance. Shortly before, Mr. Furnivall had driven out of the new Shakspeare Society a great part of its best members by the extreme violence and even brutality of his attack on Mr. Swinburne and on the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. The Society was asked to disown Mr. Furnivall, but the machinery was in his hands and nothing was done, so the secession took place. Mr. Browning and some of the seceders met at dinner, and there was a discussion from which Browning, though a member, and I think vice-president, held aloof. He was pressed for an opinion, but would give none, and when asked if he intended to remain member of a society responsible for the ruffianism of Mr. Furnivall, said, rather shortly, that he did. A few days later it came out that Mr. Furnivall was about to start a Browning Society.

The formation of these Browning societies undoubtedly pleased Browning. . . . It came at a critical period, and he was a more important figure in literature by reason of the existence of these societies. He was quite aware of the ludicrous side of the business, and the effusive enthusiasms of his least wise admirers annoyed him more than he chose to own. One or two American societies seemed to have been founded and worked with little regard to that American sense of humor which so often saves people from ridicule. He was patient with them, accepted their tributes of admiration, took the will for the deed when the expression of it was absurd, and rejoiced to know that beneath all the nonsense on the surface there was a basis of real appreciation for what he himself most valued in his own writings. When appealed to, he no more professed always to know what he had meant than Rufus Choate to decipher his own handwriting after a lapse of time. . . . There certainly was a time when Browning and Matthew Arnold were not very cordial. No two men could be more unlike in their conceptions of literature, and Arnold had expressed his in his usual fearless way with reference to some one of Browning's more inscrutable performances—the 'Hohenstiel Schwangau,' I think. When Arnold walked into the room, Browning all but turned his back on him. The mood did not last, happily. The man of the world resumed his accustomed sway over the poet, and before dinner was over Browning had swallowed down his wrath and found himself able to converse with Arnold with good humor, though still stiffly. No one need blame either of the two, nor is any stone to be cast at Browning because he was impatient of criticism which stood between him and the general appreciation he thought his due. He had spent his life in loyalty to an ideal, and whatever may be thought of the ideal, the loyalty and sincerity of the man are beyond praise. He used to say that he welcomed foreign opinion as the opinion of posterity. 'You get proofs enough of it from America,' 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'I don't consider American opinion foreign opinion.' It is a remark commonly enough heard in these days from English lips, but it came from Browning with a meaning which the American man-of-letters may well consider deeply.

The Pall Mall Budget of Dec. 19 devotes twelve pages, with illustrations, to the subject of Robert Browning, with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Browning at various ages, exterior and interior sketches of the poet's houses, a view of Asolo (Pippa's village), etc. *The Athenaeum* of the 21st prints a fine poem, 'Dead in Venice,' by Arthur Symonds; a stanza in Greek, suggested by the Epilogue in 'Asolando'; and a letter to Mr. Charles Kent, which is supposed to be the last written by Mr. Browning in England. It is dated August 28, 1889. Mr. William Sharp is to write the monograph on Browning in the Great Writers Series. An engraving from photograph of Mrs. Browning's tomb will appear in the sixth and last volume of the edition of her works now in process of issue.

[*The New York Times*]

No one who has had the privilege of knowing Robert Browning can easily imagine him dead—that is to say, without movement and without speech. So alert was he on his feet, so ready of hand with a gesticulation, and so steady was the stream of talk from his lips, that it gives one a shock to think how all that energy is still.

Robert Browning was as little as possible the conventional Englishman in looks, speech and manner. Rather was he like an American in the vehemence of his talk and his brisk gait. The resemblance extended even to his choice of words, for many terms that one rarely hears in England, but often in the United States, were common in his mouth. This may have come from the fact that during his long stays in Italy he may have found more appreciation and more friends in the American colonies of Florence, Rome and Venice than among the English.

Browning is all passion and metaphysics, often straining the intellectual faculties till they crack. It is not surprising, therefore, that even after Oxford and London University gave Browning public honors, and he had held among thinking men an exalted rank as a poet these forty years—it is not surprising that there should be thousands of his countrymen who have only the vaguest idea of the man and his books. It happened to the writer of this notice that he was speaking to certain worthy English people in London about Robert Browning and alluded to his resemblance to an American. 'He is something of that sort, is he not?' was the answer of the Englishman. Another sign of Robert Browning's lack of popularity in England was the persistence with which people mixed him up with Mr. Oscar Browning, a writer for encyclopedias. Few things angered Robert Browning more than to detect in acquaintances the fact that they were attributing to him, Robert, the useful essays of the versatile Oscar Browning. It was like Mr. Matthew Arnold's disgust at persons who insisted on complimenting him for Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia.' Yet Robert Browning did, in a way, have some connection with America, if the West Indies be included in that term. His mother was born either in the West Indies or in England of West Indian planters.

It was hard for young people brought up on the lovely passages and the fascinating obscurities of Browning's work to make a mental combination of the poet they had read with the bustling, lively, talkative man they met in society. He was every inch the New York banker. Only his intimates knew him to remain the English poet, if at the last analysis his poetry shall be strictly assigned to the English character. There is, indeed, something in the twists and turns Browning gave his grammar, in the strange words he used and the strange idioms he employed, that gives the impression of a foreigner laboring in English. Yet passages that justify such a criticism can be met with others that no English-writing poet would disdain. His latest work, just published, is called 'Asolando,' and is dedicated to Mrs. Katherine de Kay Bronson, formerly of New York, but for many years a resident of Venice, at whose house he and his sister, Miss Browning, have always been cherished intimates.

It is grateful to learn that the old poet retained in his seventy-eighth year the same brilliant vivacity for which he was always noted. He was attacked by bronchitis at Asolo and taken back to Venice to the palazzo on the Grand Canal, where he and his sister lived with the married son. He died without pain, and was cheered in his last hours by the assurance from London that the gay, fanciful, and reflective poems collected under the name 'Asolando' were successful. They picture him passing in his gondola through the 'little canals,' with their green and gold walls dripping with moisture or shooting out into the wide expanses of the Grand Canal and the Giudecca. Now he orders the gondoliers to stop while he relates a story of the ancient time; then bids them on, and listens to their warning cries of 'Prem! Stalf!' uttered in the queer dialect of the watery streets of Venice. His death is a cruel blow to thousands of staunch friends. It is a blow to lovers of literature that is written without regard to large editions and popular applause. It will leave a gap in London society of the highest rank as well as of the lower tiers, and will be felt very severely in that Italy which he loved so well and in America, where Browning has always had a wider if not more appreciative hearing than in his own country.

Current Criticism

LIFE AN ECSTASY.—'Life is an ecstasy,' said Emerson. Isn't this true? Isn't it a joy to *live* these days? If it is not, it should be. Happiness should be the normal state, like health; and any departure from it indicates, by so much, a deviation from the true quality. One should be happy naturally, unconsciously, just as one should be well and not ill, without thinking too much about it. If one has fairly good health and a conscience 'void of offence,' there is no reason why he should not waken into paradise each morning, and feel the thrill of gladness and of joyful exhilaration in the mere fact of life. For life has come to mean so much; it is a representative term, profound in significance and illumined with beautiful visions from the ideal realms. Life to be ecstatic must be ideal. It must be refined and exalted by the charms of art, by poetry, music,

painting, and the transformation of noble thought. This is not incompatible with what we are pleased to call practical work. *Au contraire*, it is to work as is the merry mill-stream that turns the wheel, or the wind that fills the sails. Joy is motive power. Happiness is creative. It is light, it is power, it is spiritual vitality. 'Speaking the truth in love'—what office of friendship or society can be more grateful than this? It is a false idea that, in order to please, one must be insincere or blind; much to please there must always be, and much that may will be noted, and its charm appreciated; but when a defect, or a fault, is plainly present the true kindness is done by the one who can speak the truth, not abruptly, not harshly, not with undue censure, but who can 'speak the truth in love.' For love is, indeed, the 'fulfilling of the law,' and implies sincerity and sweetness and genuineness of life.—*Boston Traveller*.

Notes

THE OCCASION apropos of which Mr. Lowell wrote the eight lines of verse that we gave to the public last week was not the dinner of the Boston Merchants' Association, but the luncheon given on the following day, Friday, Dec. 13, at the Algonquin Club, by friends of Mr. Cleveland, most of whom are interested in Tariff Reform or the reform of the Civil Service.

—The first number of *Kate Field's Washington* is as bright as Miss Field's friends had every reason to believe it would be. The introduction—or 'Genesis,' as she calls it—is written in the editor's liveliest vein, and the tone of the whole paper is 'lively.' Typographically it is very neat and attractive, and it makes a good showing of advertisements. There is a look about *Kate Field's Washington* that promises prosperity, and we congratulate Miss Field upon the apparent success of her new venture. To this first number, Homer Greene contributes a poem and Laurence Hutton a 'grumble,' Edwin Booth and W. J. Florence write letters of congratulation; Wilson Barrett has a communication on 'Ben-my-Chree' and Miss Field a comedietta. Besides these there are letters from New York and Boston; and in later numbers there will be special articles by Members of Congress and others on their respective hobbies.

—With to-day's issue THE CRITIC enters upon its tenth year. We hope to have an index to Vol. XII. ready next week.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce an English version of Anatole Francis's story, 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard,' the original of which has already passed through several editions; and Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's authorized translation of Señor Valdes's last novel, 'La Hermana San Sulpicio.'

—The catalogue of the Barlow Library of Americana, recently noticed in THE CRITIC, is now before us. It contains 450 pages, and will itself make a valuable addition to any American library because of the descriptive character of many of the entries, especially of the manuscripts. Mr. Henry Harris has supplied a notice of the late owner from a bibliophilic point of view. It is interesting reading, telling of the finding in Nassau Street of Thevet's 'Singularitez de la France Antartique,' and his daily hunt for original authorities on obscure points of American history. The sale is to take place at the American Art Galleries in Madison Square, beginning on Feb. 3.

—Mr. Justin Winsor, Harvard's Librarian, is engaged upon a biographical and historical work to be entitled 'Christopher Columbus: An Examination of the Historical and Geographical Conditions Under which the Western Continent was Disclosed to Europe, with an Inquiry into the Personal History of Cristoval Colon.'

—Mrs. Alexander, author of 'The Wooing O't,' has written a novel called 'A Woman's Heart,' and Mr. Thomas Hardy has written one called 'The Melancholy Hussar,' its scene being laid in the England of George III.

—Zola's 'La Bête Humaine' will be followed, it is said, by 'L'Argent,' dealing with Bourse speculation and, to a certain extent, politics. Then will follow 'La Guerre,' treating of the Army, the war of 1870, and the surrender of Sedan. The next book, concluding the Rougon-Macquart series, will tell how all the character not already killed off will end. As soon as the series is completed (that is, in 1891) M. Zola intends to devote himself exclusively to the stage. He will then confine himself to the production of original plays. He at present regrets, says the Chevalier Salvador, Paris correspondent of the *Dagblad*, a journal published at the Hague, having put 'L'Assommoir,' 'Nana,' or 'Germinal' on the stage.

—A recent issue of the *Vienna Weekly News*, a journal published in the English language, contains an appreciative critical study of the poet, Walter von der Vogelweide, by Miss Charlotte H. Coursen of this city.

—It is reported that the greater part of the new material in Mr. Buxton Forman's re-issue of his complete edition of Keats is derived from the sources of biography which came into the hands of Mr. Sidney Colvin during his preparation of his life of the poet for the series of English Men-of-Letters, and of an edition of the letters to the poet's family and friends which he has just completed for the press. Mr. Colvin's edition of these letters will be uniform with that of Lamb's letters by Canon Ainger.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to give the money necessary to rebuild the Johnstown Public Library.

—Macmillan & Co. have just issued Tennyson's new book 'Demeter, and Other Poems,' in this city. In London, nearly 20,000 copies were sold within one week of the day of publication (Dec. 13).

—It is reported from New Orleans that Mrs. Jefferson Davis, at Beauvoir, is busily engaged upon the life of her husband, and will soon finish it. She has written to her daughter, Miss Varina, who is travelling in Europe, to remain there until she can join her upon the completion of her work.

—The whole of the first edition (525 copies) of new letters of Lord Chesterfield was sold in London on the day of publication. The collection is edited, with a memoir, by Lord Carnarvon.

—Mrs. Moscheles, the widow of the composer, and mother of the artist and editor of the Mendelssohn Letters, is so ill at Detmold (Germany) that little hope of her recovery is entertained. She is eighty-four years of age.

—A pleasant, sedate, but not particularly interesting old gentleman, was the late Sir Percy Shelley, apparently without the slightest spark of poetic fire, but with an extraordinary love for private theatricals. 'He asked me once to come and see him,' says the *London World*, 'on the promise of showing me something which I should specially appreciate. I anticipated a sight of his father's MSS., or some such literary relic, but when I arrived I found that the object of my invitation was that I might see some new methods of producing stage thunder, which the worthy Baronet had invented.'

—Mr. E. A. Arnold, a grandson of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, is to open a publishing and importing house in London. Mr. Arnold was for some time with Bentley & Sons, and has been the editor of *Murray's Magazine* since the start.

—In the new and cheaper edition of Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' published in England by Macmillan & Co., the chapter on 'The Tweed Ring,' which is the subject of a pending action for libel, is omitted.

—Rev. Edward Abbott, who has been elected Missionary Bishop to Japan, is said to be the original 'Rollo' of the 'Rollo Books,' written by his father, Jacob Abbott.

—Miss Agnes Repplier, whose essays in *The Atlantic Monthly* have attracted a good deal of attention from thoughtful readers, is a Philadelphian. She writes over her own name, and is not a man posing as a *bas bleu*.

—It is reported that Dr. Wm. H. Russell, who accompanied Col. North to Chile in the capacity of historiographer, has commenced his book. It is to be illustrated by Melton Prior.

—The recent revivals of 'Richard III.,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Twelfth Night' will be the subject of a four-page supplement to *Harper's Weekly* published Jan. 8. The text will be by William Winter, and the illustrations (from life) by Albert E. Sterner. Olive Thorne Miller will begin in *Harper's Bazar* on Jan. 10 a series of articles on 'The Daughter at Home.'

—The *Saturday Review* charges Mr. Howells with developing an inclination toward sensationalism in his latest novel 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' It formulates this charge in italics: *One of the characters was shot in a street row!*

—Mr. Gladstone's eightieth birthday, which occurred last Sunday, was celebrated on Saturday by editorial panegyrics in the London dailies, and other interesting manifestations. It provoked expressions of genuine good-will even from his political opponents. Hundreds of letters and telegrams were sent to him. He himself celebrated the approach of the anniversary by planning a public library for Hawarden, which is expected to number 18,000 volumes. An article by the ex-Premier appears in the January *Merry England* on 'The Religious Novel,' with Lady Georgiana Fullerton's 'Ellen Middleton' as a text.

—Dr. Charles Mackay, whose death at the age of seventy-five has been reported, was a Scotchman, the son of an army officer, born in Perth in 1812; he was educated in London and Brussels, and began work on newspapers when he was twenty-two years old,

as an assistant on the London *Morning Chronicle*; there he remained ten years. Between 1844 and 1847 he was editor of the Glasgow *Argus*. He then returned to London and engaged in journalistic work. When he was a boy he had begun to write in verse, publishing his first volume in 1834 and his second in 1840. He wrote a romance entitled 'Longbeard,' 'The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes,' and several other books. His poetical productions were issued in perhaps twenty volumes. He travelled in America in 1852, and again in 1858, and in 1862-5 was war-correspondent of the London *Times*.

—Mrs. Haggard of Bradenham, the mother of Rider Haggard, is dead at the age of sixty-nine. She was a woman of literary tastes, and author of two volumes of verse, one of which was a tale of the Afghan war.

—Mr. Robert Carter, of the publishing-house of Carter & Bros., 530 Broadway, died last Saturday. Though eighty-two years old, he had attended actively to his business until June. Mr. Carter received a university education in Scotland, and came to this city in 1830. He taught classics in Columbia Grammar School, and in the High School of New York, and afterward established a private school, Schuyler Colfax being one of his pupils. Later he engaged in the publishing business. He was for many years a member and elder of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. He represented the Presbytery of New York at the General Assembly, and was a member of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and Vice-President of the American Bible Society for many years. The business is managed by his son Robert and brother Peter.

—At noon on Tuesday, Dec. 24, the Rev. Stopford Brooke officiated at a simple service, in the First Church, Boston, over the remains of Gen. Francis W. Palfrey, who died at Cannes, France, last month. A distinguished company paid the last tribute of respect to their friend and comrade.

—Petitions from the Connecticut Historical Society, the New Haven Colony Historical Society, the Fairfield County Historical Society, and from thirty-two members of the Authors Club of New York, praying that \$5,000 be appropriated for the removal to America of the remains of Joel Barlow, the poet and diplomat, who died at Zarnivica, in Poland, while on an embassy from this country to France, have been laid before Congress by Representative Miles of Connecticut. Barlow bore a musket in the Continental ranks at the battle of White Plains, though but a lad at the time. Later he was a chaplain, and wrote lyrics which did much to stimulate the troops. He was abroad during the French Revolution, and subsequent years, and when this Nation became embroiled with the French Directory he exerted himself to bring about a better feeling between the two countries. He also went to Algiers, at the risk of his life from the plague, and secured the release of American captives there. The petitions say:

It is not creditable to a nation of sixty millions that the remains of so distinguished a citizen, dying in its service, should be left to fill an un-honored grave, and as it is the custom of this country to remove hither the remains of its servants dying abroad, your petitioners pray your honorable body that the remains of Joel Barlow be removed to this country, and be decently interred where Congress shall direct, their preference being for the winter quarters of Putnam's Division, in Barlow's native town of Redding, Conn., where some of his comrades-in-arms lie buried, said winter quarters being now the property of the State of Connecticut, and having been fitted up by the State at an expense of nearly \$25,000, to be held as a memorial ground forever.

It is heartily to be hoped that Congress will feel the force of this appeal, and promptly respond to it.

—By the will of the late Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester, Mass., the Gloucester Library and the Sawyer Library will come into possession of \$120,000, while the Rockport Public Library will receive \$4,000 to be spent for books. Some \$269,000 more is bequeathed in an equally public-spirited way, the Gloucester Lyceum and Library being the residuary legatee.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alden, W. L. Trying to Find Europe.....	Bromfield & Co.
Bellamy, C. J. An Experiment in Marriage.....	Albany: Albany Book Co.
Black, William. Prince Fortunatus, soc.....	Harper & Bros.
Campbell, W. M. Foot-Prints of Christ. \$1.50.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
Ford, Paul L. Washington as an Employer and Importer of Labor. \$2.....	Brooklyn: Paul L. Ford.
Hovey, Richard. The Laurel: An Ode.....	Washington: Richard Hovey.
Lyall, Alfred. Warren Hastings. 60c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Ritter, F. L. Musical Dictation: Part II. 75c.....	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Scribner's Magazine, Vols. V. and VI. \$2.50 each.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Tennyson, Alfred. Demeter, and Other Poems. \$1.25.....	Macmillan & Co.
Velasquez, M., and Simonne, T. Ollendorf's New Method of Learning to Read, Write and Speak Spanish.....	D. Appleton & Co.